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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917.

A Reclassification Necessary.

Editor The Washington Herald: I have noticed an article in your paper telling of the financial condition of Washingtonians, wherein you quote a government report stating that at least one-third of the homes in the District are not making both ends meet. I don't know why this condition should prevail, but I can account for some of it.

In the government service today there are hundreds of persons officially known as messengers and drawing the salary of messengers, who are doing clerical work that should pay double what they are receiving. But the government is continually adding other people to the rolls at high salary although most of them are greenhorns insofar as the work of the departments is concerned. They are appointed in the name of war service.

Why should messengers doing clerical work receive messenger pay? And why should greenhorns receive high salaries?

A DISINTERESTED PARTY.

This disinterested party has touched a condition which The Herald in a previous editorial, entitled "Consider the Regulars," endeavored to bring to the attention of Congress.

The faulty classification of the employees of the government is a long-standing evil whose remedy has often been sought but has never materialized. In justice to every employee of the government there should be a reclassification based upon individual value. There is certainly a deplorable condition existing if the letter of the "Disinterested Party," is correct. The wages of Uncle Sam's servants are meager enough without the added imposition of holding a man as messenger when he is a competent clerk.

The City of Washington.

That Washington is destined to become the most beautiful city in the world is being realized more and more as the days go by—but we wonder if each individual in the city appreciates the part he is playing in the plans to make it so.

As a man keeps faith with himself so is he valued as a unit in a community. The ideal will never be realized, for as society is formed there is bound to be much loss. Of the fit men, therefore, there is, of course, a tremendous majority, and to get the best from the best there must be dreams and dreamers and those capable of interpreting and carrying into effect the purposes back of these dreams and desires.

As time goes on Washington will become one of the great cities of the world. After the war it will be even more important as a National Capital—indeed it will become a world capital. To make it the first city, and to so govern it that its government will reflect the stability of our people present problems worth the attention of our foremost citizens. We have in power a national government in sympathy with the aims and ambitions of the District, and we should encourage the new appointees by every means within the power of each of us.

So as a unit you are directly interested, and insofar as your own character commands respect you will influence others in upholding the hands of those who are unselfishly seeking the advancement of Washington as a social, commercial and industrial center.

Caught on the Wing.

A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite, and another is Attit, Early & Layte. And still another is Doo & Dairret. But the best is probably Grinn & Barrett.

Above is a verse worth pasting on your blotter. The keynote of it all is "do." A stagnant stream is an unlovely thing. It is the breeding place of bugs, exudes filth, and is the haven of the obnoxious germ. It has no source worthy of the name and it goes nowhere.

If you would win success avoid the route by the stagnant stream—and you have been given senses for that purpose. You can see it, feel it, smell it. Stagnation is ruin.

Watch & Waite have opposition in the firm of Grab & Graft—but the life of the latter is short and endeth in bankruptcy. The firm of Attit, Early & Layte get there, if they do not overdo it. In the great scheme of things it was provided that rest and recreation were as necessary as work. Doo & Dairret win by their exercise of judgment and action. Opportunity does not wait for orders—if you are not there it passes on. Daring is a magnificent quality if you dare to do right, dare to be fair to the other fellow, dare to create, dare to lead when as Kipling says, "others doubt you."

The good old firm of Grinn & Barrett get there because they know how to smile when everything goes dead wrong and to bear it when the burden is heavy. They scorn the weak and the weak, and meet trouble with a cheer and a more-than-half readiness to take on the added load.

Somehow we like the verse—we hope you will too. Keep it before you.

"My Country, Right or Wrong."

Former Senator, now Representative, Mason, of Illinois, arose yesterday to reply to the charges of Representative Heflin that he was "under suspicion" of treason to his country.

Representative Mason has been a conspicuous legislator for thirty years. He has neither sought nor evaded the limelight in his long career. A man of rare ability he has just fallen short of statesmanlike qualities. He has fought many a fight without flinching and in defeat has been more pugnacious than magnanimous. In Illinois he is the idol of his friends and the arch enemy of his opponents.

From the report of yesterday's speech Mr. Mason affirms his loyalty to his country, reads into the Record that he is of English birth and that he hates the German autocracy as sincerely as Mr. Roosevelt and he emphasized his position by saying, "We are in the war now and we must subscribe to the doctrine of—'my country, right or wrong.'"

All of which leads us to remark that it is about time to bury this hatchet of discord—the edge of which

was dulled before the war began. It has been the fashion to rake over a man's past to find something he has said that will conflict with the opinions he holds today.

Too few of us remember that even the great Lincoln frequently changed his views—yet in the spot light of history his memory remains unblemished. Must men die before they get their deserts or an honest appreciation of their patriotism?

Rouses the Ire of Iowa.

Mr. Brisbane does Iowa an injustice—far be it from his intention, we know—when he says:

"Iowa, we trust, will not change, but continue sending its elderly ones to Los Angeles, where they can see a little real life before they die. To live all your life in Iowa, and then be chloroformed, just as you are getting old enough to escape to Los Angeles would be a little too hard."

Now Iowa raises more wheat, corn, cattle and hogs and less hell than any State in which Mr. Brisbane ever lived. And wheat, corn, cattle and hogs are what we need very much. While hell is, manifestly, what we do not need at all.

Mr. Brisbane owes it to Iowa to apologize. Either that or be sentenced to help pick Iowa's mammoth crop of corn this fall. So far as Iowa is concerned it would be better to have him go there than to endeavor to secure a retraction of his most unkind statement. For if Mr. Brisbane saw Iowa as she is, he would be both sorry for what he said and convinced of his error in saying it.

But if he remained here and allowed a mere retraction to suffice he still might cherish forever, in his own mind, the lurking suspicion that what he said about the Hawkeye State was justified and borne out by facts.

A Republic's Father.

Had there been an excursion of legislators to Europe several of those who would have gone were determined to see this youngster, Alexander Kerensky, now doing his best to be Father to his infant republic. This pale-faced, intensive young man has a multitude of friends in the American Congress, and knowing the vicissitudes of serving even so well-established a republic as our own they marvel at the spirit of the man who seeks to serve one of such turmoil and tribulation as Russia.

Some day, it is hoped in our own legislative halls, the peace negotiations will be carried on and completed. The young man who piloted Russia will then be wanted on this side of the water to visit the product of a hundred and fifty years of republic making. If Kerensky survives this war, and can be prevailed upon to come to America for a visit, he will receive the welcome that America pays to her own heroes. No foreigner has ever shown more spirit in fighting America's battles than has young Kerensky. He is doing at this time a work that is for America—a work that appeals to Congress because it has the same form and outline that the work did that faced some of America's youngsters a century and a half ago.

War Poems.

On this page will be found a poem by Conan Doyle, the novelist, reprinted from the London Times, and entitled, "How the Guards Came Through." You will read it and it will thrill you. It is one of the classics of the war and strange to say written by one who heretofore has practically confined his marvelous talent to prose.

War poets have been numerous but only now and then has the real high note been struck. The one great poem in the opinion of man, so far produced, was Alan Seeger's immortal: "I've a Rendezvous with Death." It is a verse that makes the blood course faster through your veins and when you lay it down you feel as if sacrifice is never in vain. Conan Doyle's poem reaches the same plane and again on reading it you feel like thanking the Giver of all Good for such a genius.

"Germans are wooing China," says a correspondent. Allee samee Hun.

A liberty bond makes no distinction as to sex, age or color.

What's the use of Billy Sunday coming to Washington if Congress is not in session?

We have no ill feeling toward the woman who pays \$35 for a pair of shoes—but we do hope they pinch her feet.

If a Philadelphia Congressman "hit the sawdust trail" at a Billy Sunday meeting what would the Fifth ward do to him on the return trip?

The District is having trouble in getting juries since the draft was made. Business men are so busy they cannot spare the time. Another excuse gone wrong.

It is a refreshing sign of the times to see our big stores rendering such valued aid in war time. It's a fine example of patriotism and worthy of much emulation.

A new national party to be composed of Progressives, Social Democrats, Prohibitionists and Single Taxers is on the way and is to be launched in Chicago—the home of the wind.

His Share.

"Soldier, soldier, home from the wars—"
I've bought me a bit o' ground,
And I think I'll rest
Out o' the sight and the sound
O' what I've known best.

"I've come to my small estate
Through a many o' seas;
'ave wrought wif the weak and the great,
Forgettin' my ease.

"I've paid for my own free'old
In coin o' worth;
I've striven wif strong men and bold
For my piece o' Earth.

"I've bought me a bit o' ground
Wif blood and pain,
And I'm come, wif my dyin'-wound,
Back to England again.

"My free'old is six feet long,
And may be as deep;
I've bought it, and not for a song—
I think—I'll sleep."

KENDALL HARRISON.

Home.

Is it a tribute or betrayal when,
Turning from all the sweet, accustomed ways,
I leave your lips and eyes to seek you in
Some other face?

Why am I searching after what I have,
And going far to find the near at hand?
I do not know—I only know I crave
To find you at the end.

I only know that Love has many a hearth,
That Hunger has an endless path to roam
And Beauty is the dream that drives the earth
And leads me home.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Senator Doesn't Believe in Going to War Over Technicalities



Protecting the Soldiers.

From the commencement of the war up to the present time there have been few bills, indeed, received at the Senate and House office buildings that have not brought letters from mothers and religious workers urging that everything be done to protect the soldier boys from liquor and bad women.

"We are offering our flesh and blood to Uncle Sam, now let Uncle Sam take steps to protect them from the things that tear them down physically and morally," is the common tone of the letters.

And that is the very thing that Uncle Sam is doing.

Through his lawmakers, he has thrown about the men a protection of enactments which is aimed to make it impossible for the bootleggers and conscienceless saloon keepers to prostitute America's manhood.

And through the administrative forces of the nation he has promulgated rules and taken steps to enforce them which, it is believed, will make it impossible for either the bad woman or the whiskey to play their trade among the soldiers and sailors.

The common belief of Congressional leaders is that, in this war, great advances in this direction will be shown to have been made by our country than by any country at any previous time in the world's history.

It is a undertaking and it will require constant vigilance on the part of officers and men to see that the laws are not general fractured. But this vigilance is being exerted every day, in every camp of the nation, and the confident hope is that victory will crown the efforts.

There is one great factor, however, upon which army officials generally are staking their hope of achieving this end upon the belief that the men themselves are their own masters, and that realizing the weakening and destructive effects of immorality and whiskey-drinking they will throw off the threatening yoke of servitude, and fight shy of these demoralizing factors.

This message, therefore, has been conveyed to the mothers of America by most of the members of Congress: "We are with you to the end, to make American manhood pure and undetested for its trying test in behalf of democracy. But better than the sign that we can accomplish this through the sweeping power of drastic legislation, is the sign that American manhood, in the trenches and in the camps, realizes the gravity of its responsibility, and of its own volition will sturdily and earnestly refuse to be led into temptation."

Those who would master others must first master themselves. America knows this law is incontrovertible, and with the same spirit that evinces the determination to master the powers of militarism the soldiers of America are going about it first to master themselves.

And that victory, Congress knows, will be a victory comparable in many ways to the victory that will be achieved over the powers of militarism and autocracy.

La Follette and Public Opinion. Just one force might compel the Senate to take note of the La Follette dismissal proceedings and carry it through to the unseating stage.

That force is the force which is shown with sufficient clarity would move the legislative body of this nation to take almost any action. Of course, the force we speak of is public opinion.

If public opinion moves to a point where each and every Senator is convinced that an overwhelmingly large number of his home people want La Follette removed and if that opinion is brought to the Senators at Washington in such preponderant amounts that it cannot be denied or compromised in any way, then we may see Mr. La Follette buying a ticket back home.

If this force isn't exhibited at such lengths, then it is not at all improbable that the Senate will allow the Wisconsin Senator to retain his seat.

Those who have been connected with movements of other kinds, in both the Senate and House, know that it is a very hard thing to get a clear-cut expression of the home voters on any pending matter of

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Baus.

CONSCRIPT.

A daily call to war I hear—
War on the hosts of Woe and Fear;
War on the troops of Selfishness;
War on the Legions of Distress
Holding a world that should be free

Fast in the chains of Poverty;
War on Malice and war on Pain;
War on Suffering's hateful reign—
Where is the man who would not heed

Calls to the high and daring deed
Freeing the world from Woe and Fear,
Striking a blow for Love and Cheer?
(Copyright, 1915.)

transcendent importance. It cannot be done save at the ballot box. And it would be impossible, of course, to submit the La Follette matter to a referendum of the American people.

Then Senators must act upon their own judgment, therefore, in the last analysis. And doing that, the belief is among some of them, they will not disturb the Senator at this session.

An investigation may be ordered and the entire matter deferred until later. At any rate there is an election coming next year in all of the congressional district. Mr. La Follette may then be an issue before the American people.

And the Senate's action, if it is deferred until that time, may then be taken in such a way that the Senators themselves will feel they have read accurately the sentiment of the American people and have sought to carry out the popular dictum with regard to this case.

Looking Out for the Company.

Reference at a recent dinner party was made to the amusing things that happen on railroad trains when this little anecdote was fittingly related by Representative Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina:

"Some time ago a rather young person of the thoughtless type who was traveling on one of the through trains insisted on raising the car window and shoving his head far out into the adjacent scenery."

Time and time again the conductor kindly warned him of his danger, but the youth merely smiled in a superior way and paid no heed to the caution.

Finally, after the train had gone some ten miles further, the conductor once more returned and gave his attention to the aforesaid youth.

"I don't see," politely said the conductor, touching the young man on the shoulder. "This time I am compelled to insist that you keep your head within the car."

"Is that so?" was the indifferent response of the youth. "May I ask why?"

"Certainly," came the cold, hard rejoinder of the conductor. "We are coming to a bridge and I don't want the girders damaged."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Epicureans derived their name from Epicurus (342-271 B. C.), who was a philosopher of Attic descent, whose "garden" at Athens rivaled in popularity the "porch" and the "academy."

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

The jews-harp is becoming a favorite musical instrument with the soldiers about town. When the orchestra begins playing a military tune, the boys accompany it with their jews-harp. In Rector's the other night the orchestra started playing "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!" seven-teen soldiers got out their jews-harps and then the orchestra quit and the soldiers played the same tune while the fox-trotters cavorted. The street vendors keen to the commercial possibilities are vending the instruments on all the prominent streets for 30 cents and manufacturers are unable to fill the orders for a musical contrivance that was almost extinct.

Will Take Stand on War. Atlantic City, Oct. 2.—Expressions of the attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the world conflict will be made at a meeting of the Board of Bishops, to be held this month at the Hotel Traymore. There will be thirty-three church dignitaries from all parts of the world in attendance at the gathering, the first to be held since the United States entered the war. Bishop Berry, of Philadelphia, the senior bishop, will preside.

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HOW THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

In the current issue of Current Opinion there is a poem by Conan Doyle, who seldom drops into poetry, but when he does he makes the blood run a little faster. It is copied from the London Times:

MEN of the Twenty-First.
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood.
Weak with our wounds and
our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancashire, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of the burst,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns of the Boche.
When our Corporal shouted "Stand
to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear
the front foot of our duties
And the Guards came through."

PLAIN TALKS

By J. D. BARRY.

The hamlet of a mile from the wilderness where we have our camp has become our metropolis. To go there is our daily excitement. When the empty tin cans have been put out of sight, when the dishes have been washed, when the beds have been made, when the flaps of the tent have been turned down, when a new scheme has been devised to screen the groceries, the vegetables and the fruit from the little animals hiding under the shrubbery in holes, on the bark, the trunks, the branches and in the leaves of the trees, impatiently waiting to see us go, when they and the dogs of other duties have been attended to, we start for the launch.

By this time some of us are close to exhaustion. This morning as we walked down to the lake our literary man looked back and said—"Have a good time, little pets. Eat freely."

He proceeded to philosophize on the subject of domestic activity. "The cleverest thing man ever did," he said, "was to spread the report that cooking, washing and all such hard labor women ever do, they have been taken over by the men. It is an uprising in the world that will make the revolution in Russia seem like a Sunday school picnic."

He proceeded to dilate on the subject of morning in general. I know now why there is so much agitation among the laboring class. It distracts their minds from work. Then he went on—"All persons should be made to work at least two weeks each summer. It will make them realize the meaning of labor. They'll be ready to pay large sums to avoid it for the rest of the year."

By the time we reach the launch it seems as if it must be 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest. Haven't we already done a heavy day's work?

We find that it is usually about ten. Intense curiosity prompts us to inquire whether the launch feels like working today. We take up the subject and show very carefully.

We don't say loudly and authoritatively, "Get to work, you lazy bums!" On the contrary we approach her as one might approach a dog of uncertain character and unreliable affections.

We coax her. In half an hour, provided we have luck, we are chugging out and turning in the direction of the village. There nearly every day we have a consultation of doctors over that engine, while a small crowd looks on. Yesterday a man called in a man who was reported, knew how to take an automobile apart and throw it into a barrel, a feat that the literary man, who hardly knows a screw driver from a monkey wrench, heard of with mingled admiration and bewilderment.

"It must be a fine thing to do if you don't happen to have anything else to do," he said. "But why throw an automobile into a barrel? As a matter of fact, a barrel is no place for an automobile."

The automobile expert surveyed the launch with the critical eye of an old friend, determined not to miss a fault.

"Is it true," he said, before all that crowd, "that you bought this launch for \$5?"

Before one of us could express an indignant denial a drawing voice said: "You can buy a heap of trouble for \$5."

The literary man spoke up quietly but firmly: "You are mistaken if you

Our throats they were parched and hot.
But, Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem.
We were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand,
Lord, I could speak for a week.
But how could you understand!
How should your cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to you.
But when can me or my mates
When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and a dash,
Cool as a home parade.
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Finches and the pines and firs,
With the shrubbery right in their face,
Doing their Hyde Park stunt.
Keeping their swing on a steady pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me.
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever
How the Guards came through."

At those intervals it seemed as if the launch took a kind of satisfaction in entering into the harmony all about us and in showing how well she could behave when she felt like behaving.

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